

AN OFFERTORY,

Presented at the *FUNERALS* of the Right Honourable,
EDVVARD POPHAM,
Admirall, &c.

BE dumb, ye Brats of Poetry; and no more
Prophane those Orgies which you ought t'adore;
Tis not the *Sock* or *Burkin* can become
These *Tragick* Rites, or Personate the Tombe
Of Noble *POPHAM*, whose sublimer Hearse
Admits no Rivall with a slow-pac't Verse.
The Quire is too narrow, and th' whole *Nine*
Too few, to warble *Anthems* at this Shrine:
Though they could out-weep *Niobe*, and Baptize
Fresh sorrowes in the Cisternes of their Eyes.
Should we designe *His* Tomb? all *Brittain* must
Subscribe to be th' *Eulogist* of *His* Deed;
Nor is it lesse then a due Debt which shee
Should pay to *Him*, who fought to make her Free.

Let those that trace the *Series*, and the truth
Of *Navall* Victories, define his *Youth*,
Heithen'd with the Honours of *command*, where Hee
Commenc't at Sea, and tooke his first *Degree*.
Nor can succeeding times forget to cite,
And quote the *Rory* of that dismall *Fight*.
Where those proud *Argosies* with spreading *Shippes*,
Shadow'd the *Maine*, and menac't an *Eclipse*;
And frighted Nature, in a *Palsie* stood,
To see whole *Forrests* floating on the *Flood*.
The Slaughter-breathing-*Brasse* grew hot and spoke
In flames of *Lightning*, and in clouds of *Smoke*,
Till the discoloured *Billowes* died in graine.
Blasht to behold such shambles of the flaine;
And the pale *Tritons* stood like heartlesse *Elves*,
Trembling to see *Men* doe more then *themselves*.

These *Tragick* Triumphs did Great *POPHAM* view,
And from their fatall observation drew
Such Warlike *Maximes* as did thence translate
Life to His Honours, safety to the *STATE*:
But who can write his Noble *Acts*, who stood
The grand Example of His Birth, and Blood?

And as some stately *Cedar*, by His growth
And fruitfulness, rependeth what she ow'th
To her first *Planter*; so Great *POPHAMS* Name,
Great in the *Cradle*, greater in the *Fame*
Of growing *Acts*, doth His *SIRE'S* Trophies raise,
And interweave His *Lawrell* with their *Bayes*.

Survey His Zeale, and Faithfulness, you' lim
And copy Old *Themistocles* by Him:
Those brave *Philani*, who fell to restore,
And inlarge *Carthage* Bonds, could not do more
Then *He*, whose aimes in Peace and War were known

Survey His Noble temperance; you'l find
Fabricius, though before, an Age behind;
Who where He might command, prescrib'd a *Law*,
And taught His govern'd Passions to obey.

Survey His Justice, *Aristides* shall
Henceforth be namelesse, and *Apocryphall*:
So punctuall were His *Actions*, and betwixt
Candor, and Innocence, so poiz'd, so fixt,
That chaste, untoucht *Astrea* may be sayd
In Him to have liv'd a *Nun*, and dy'd a *Mayd*.

But why do I contract? What can't be scan'd
In Characters, or taken in short hand?
Since in the transcript of His soule we read
All that for Worth or Honour can be sed:
Whilst His just *Actions* shall His Fame dilate,
Beyond the reach of Envy, or of Fate.

Thus liv'd, thus dy'd, blest *POPHAM*; to expresse,
Or speak Him larger, were to speak Him lesse:
For as choice *Pictures*, where Invention fades,
Are best portray'd in Umbrages and Shades:
So silence here best suits, since 'tis more meet
He should have rather Volumes, then a Sheet:
And 'twere a Crime to cram a copious Theame
In a poore *Schedule*, which deserves a *Reame*. 204.